

## Poetry.

## A POPULAR OLD PARODY.

CORRECTED COPY FROM THE HANDS OF THE AUTHOR.

THE "AGRE,"  
[By Prof. J. F. Steele.]  
Once upon an evening blazy,  
While I sat me, dreamy, dreary,  
In the sunshine, thinking over  
Past things in days of yore;  
While I nodded, nearly sleeping,  
Gently came a something creeping  
Up my back, like water seeping—  
Seeping upward from the floor.  
"Tis a cooling breeze," I muttered,  
"From the regions 'neath the floor—  
Only this, and nothing more."

And distinctly I remember  
It was in one wet September,  
When the earth and every member  
Of creation that is here,  
Had for weeks and weeks been soaking  
In the meannest, most provoking  
Foggy rains that (without joking)  
We had ever seen before;  
So I knew it must be very  
Cool and damp beneath the floor—  
Very cold beneath the floor.

So I sat me, half way napping,  
In the sunshine, stretching, gapping,  
Craving water, but delighted  
With the breeze from 'neath the floor.  
Till I found me growing colder,  
And the stretching waning bolder,  
And myself a feeling colder—  
Older than I'd felt before;  
Feeling that I'd been stiffer  
Than they were in days of yore—  
Stiffer than they'd been before.

All along my back the creeping  
Coolness soon was rushing, leaping,  
As if countless frozen demons  
Were attempting to explore  
All the cavities (the varnishes)  
Twixt me and my nether garments,  
Up into my hair and downward  
Through my boots into the floor;  
Then I found myself a shaking,  
Slight at first but more and more—  
Every moment more and more.

Soon I knew what 'twas that shook me;  
'Twas the ager, and it took me  
Into heavy clothes—to every  
Place where there was warmth in store;  
Shook me till my teeth were clattering,  
Till the tea they brought went spattering  
From the cup, while all my warning  
Made me colder than before;  
Shook me till it had exhausted  
All its powers to shake me more—  
Had not strength to shake me more.

Then it rested till the morrow,  
When it came with all the horror  
That it owned, or e'en could borrow—  
Shaking harder than before;  
And from that day damp and dreary,  
When I sat all dreamy, leary,  
It has had diurnal visits,  
Shaking, shaking, oh, so sore!  
Shaking off my boots, and shaking  
Me to bed, if nothing more—  
Fully this, if nothing more.

And to-day the swallows fitting  
Bound my cottage see me sitting  
Moodily within the sunshine,  
Just inside my silent door,  
Waiting for the ager, seeming  
Like a man forever dreaming,  
And the sunlight on me streaming  
Throws no shadow on the floor;  
For I'm now too thin for ager  
To make shadows on the floor—  
Nary shadow—any more!

## Miscellaneous.

## AT WILLIAMSBURG.

Prof. W. M. Grier, Sixth S. C. Vol., in the Charleston Weekly News.

The leafy blossoming Present  
springs from the whole Past, re-  
membered and unremembered—  
and truly the Art of History, the  
grand difference between a Dry-  
adust and a sacred Past, is very  
much in this: To distinguish well  
what does still reach the surface  
and is alive and provident for us;  
and what reaches no longer to  
the surface but moulders safe un-  
derground, never to send forth  
leaves or fruit for mankind any  
more; of the former we shall re-  
joice to hear; to hear of the latter  
will be an affliction to us.

[Carlyle's Cromwell.

Williamsburg is a small town in  
that part of Virginia known as the  
Peninsula, about twelve miles  
from Yorktown. It numbers  
less than two thousand inhabi-  
tants, but its historic interest is  
not measured by its size. Life  
its near neighbor, Jamestown, it  
is one of the venerable things in  
this country, is this country, so  
young and fresh in its cities, its  
institutions and its industries. It

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links us to the earliest Colonial  
period, and has its traditions and  
its authentic history a hundred  
years older than our Revolution-  
ary struggle. It claims the special  
friendship and intimacy of  
kings and queens who, near two  
hundred years ago, lavished upon  
it their favors while the Puritan  
Quaker, clustering about Ply-  
mouth Rock and Philadelphia,  
were just fairly establishing them-  
selves. Many persons have for-  
gotten that this now obscure  
town was once the metropolis of  
Virginia, where the beauty,  
wealth and fashion of a genuine  
aristocracy sought and found its  
highest social pleasures. If we  
may believe the ancient chronicles  
the society of Williamsburg in its  
palm, Colonial days was close-  
ly modelled in its etiquette,  
the general habits of its citizens  
and their style of living after the  
immemorial custom of the English  
gentry. There was a quiet, state-  
ly dignity, a courtly formality and  
exclusive feeling which marked at  
once the true Cavalier.

All this has passed away, and  
so long ago that the oldest citizens  
speak of it as a tradition handed  
down through three or four gen-  
erations. Williamsburg is now  
one of the most insignificant towns  
in the State. It seems content to  
live on the glory of the past.  
William and Mary College, so  
long its chief distinction, has  
practically, if not actually, sus-  
pended operations; and now the  
first impression of a visitor to the  
place is that of a staid, settled com-  
pleteness. Everything about the  
place indicates a life whose ener-  
gies are exhausted and which re-  
joices in memory rather than hope.

This town was the scene of one  
of the early battles of the late  
war, the opening skirmish to a  
series of fierce and bloody engage-  
ments, in many respects the most  
remarkable of the whole struggle.  
For a brief period in the spring of  
'62 the Peninsula became the seat  
of war. Gen. McClellan having  
transferred his entire force to  
Fortress Monroe, it became evi-  
dent to the Confederate authorities  
that an attempt was to be made  
upon Richmond by a new line of  
approach. The gallant Magruder  
was at Yorktown, and with won-  
derful skill and boldness held in  
check for weeks a force vastly  
larger than his own, until Gen. J.  
E. Johnston came to his aid with  
reinforcements that were weary of  
their winter quarters and eager  
for a trial of their strength with  
the enemy. In this they were to  
suffer disappointment. Gen. John-  
ston was not long in reaching the  
conclusion that he must withdraw  
from his position or be flanked by  
the enemy, who held possession  
of York and James Rivers, on  
either side of his encampment.

## THE RETREAT FROM YORKTOWN.

The abandonment of the forti-  
fications was conducted with such  
skill during the night of the 4th  
of May that the enemy was not  
aware of the movement until  
hours after every soldier was out  
of the rifle-pits, and the last one  
of Longstreet's rear guard was  
well on his way towards Williams-  
burg. About daylight on the 5th  
a part of Longstreet's division was  
placed in position near Williams-  
burg, occupying some detached  
works which Gen. Magruder had  
constructed about the town the  
most important and strongest of  
these being Fort Magruder. Gen.  
McClellan had pursued us closely,  
and it became manifest that a  
stand must be made if Gen. John-  
ston's retreat were to be covered  
and successfully accomplished.  
There was some scattering firing  
all the morning, but the troops  
were not well engaged until about  
noon. The battle lasted until late  
in the evening with no decided  
advantage on either side. The  
enemy claimed a victory, but the  
fact is we held our ground during  
the entire day, and until all the  
time desired for Gen. Johnston's  
retreat was secured.

## WOUNDED AND A PRISONER.

The brigade of Gen. Anderson,  
with which I was connected, oc-  
cupied a position on the left of  
Fort Magruder. Our regiment,

the Sixth South Carolina, was or-  
dered to advance on the enemy  
about 1 o'clock. The objective  
point was the possession and oc-  
cupancy of a redoubt which, it  
was thought, the enemy might  
seize. The position was gained  
under a well directed fire of the  
enemy, who had greatly the ad-  
vantage of us in their long-range  
guns. As we crowded into the  
redoubt, a place entirely too small  
for a full regiment, the enemy,  
with a keen eye, centred his fire  
on the narrow passage across the  
deep trench or moat surrounding  
the earthwork. Just here quite a  
number of the regiment received  
wounds which, though not fatal,  
were so serious as to render them  
unfit for military service and un-  
able to get off the field. The  
writer was among the number,  
being shot just below the right  
knee, shattering the limb so badly  
as to necessitate prompt amputa-  
tion.

A little before dark the few am-  
bulances that had not been sent  
on ahead came round and gathered  
up the wounded, carrying most of  
them to a farm-house just in rear  
of the battle-field, where the sur-  
geons gave them attention. It  
was here that Dr. J. McF. Gaston,  
now of Brazil, told us, with the  
kindness of a true friend, that one  
leg must come off. He went to  
work at it himself, and right skill-  
fully did he do his duty.

When we awoke fully to con-  
sciousness our eyes opened upon a  
pitiable sight. It was about mid-  
night. The light of a single can-  
dle threw a ghastly glare over a  
room in which lay fifteen persons,  
not one of whom could help him-  
self to a drink of water—the phy-  
sicians all gone, the nurses skul-  
ling and entirely out of reach ex-  
cept an Alabamian who was too  
timid to leave the house.

The truth which, strange as it  
may seem, we had never suspected  
began to dawn on us, that our  
army had gone and left us to the  
care of the advancing enemy. A  
solitary cavalryman straggling in,  
the very last of our army, was  
eagerly questioned and fully con-  
firmed our rising fears. The  
mental experience of the next  
few hours, though still a living  
and vivid memory, can never be  
translated into human speech. A  
sense of loneliness, ministered to  
by surrounding darkness, a feel-  
ing of utter helplessness, coupled  
with apprehensions of cruelty and  
ill-treatment, crowded with evil  
spectres the warm imagination  
of a youth not yet out of his  
teens. The pain of the amputated  
limb was forgotten in deep anxie-  
ties and forebodings. Hence it  
was with something of a welcome  
that we heard the steady tramp  
of McClellan's splendid army as it  
approached early in the day. It  
was a relief to an agonizing sus-  
pense, a relief which took on a  
positive character of real pleasure  
when the dreaded enemy not only  
expressed his sympathy for us,  
but gave the most substantial  
evidences of his good will. His  
haversack and canteen were  
placed at our disposal without  
 stint.

## A NEIGHBOR OF THAD. STEVENS.

We well remember a little act  
of kindness which was so deli-  
cately done and which was so free  
and cordial that it touched us like  
a memory of home and a message  
from loved ones: As the army  
passed on there gathered into the  
room where we were lying quite a  
number of curious spectators.  
They gazed at us with innumerable  
questions, as was natural. One of  
these visitors who, however, sim-  
ply looked on us and said but lit-  
tle, was a colonel. Just before  
leaving the room he approached me,  
spoke a few hurried words  
full of kindness and clasped my  
hand to bid me good bye. As he  
did so he left in my open palm  
quite a neat sum of gold and  
silver. He was gone before I  
could thank him. That was Col.  
Symonion, of the Forty-third  
Pennsylvania, from Lancaster,  
the home of Thaddeus Stevens, at  
that time a conspicuous figure in  
politics.

## WOMANLY DEVOTION.

In a very few days we were re-

moved from the farm-house to the  
town proper where we were  
placed in charge of that eminent  
surgeon, Dr. Rodgers, of New  
York. What a flood of kindness  
poured in upon us from the citi-  
zens, especially the ladies. We  
were to them the only represen-  
tatives of the Confederacy. It  
had passed on with Gen. John-  
ston up to Chickahominy and be-  
yond the reach of their help.  
They seemed to see in us the sons  
and brothers from whom they  
had been completely cut off. So  
profuse and persistent were their  
attentions that the surgeon had  
to interfere and exercise his au-  
thority in prescribing the hours  
of company and the quantity of  
food they were to bring. The un-  
selfish devotion of these people  
was truly wonderful; only those  
who mingled with them intimately  
and who knew how destitute  
they were after having been  
stripped of their provisions and  
stock by the enemy, could appre-  
ciate the self-denial and sacrifice  
involved in the savory dishes  
which were daily prepared for  
the wounded Confederates.

It was my good fortune to rest  
most pleasantly and comfortably in  
the home of a Presbyterian minis-  
ter, the Rev. Samuel Blain. My  
companion was a young Mississip-  
pian, who had lost an arm. This  
youth was a representative of a  
very considerable class of South-  
ern soldiery. When I saw him I  
was struck with his boyish face  
and, in truth, he was but sixteen  
years of age. Fired with the en-  
thusiasm of the hour, he resisted  
the pleadings of father and moth-  
er alike and threw himself into  
the volunteer ranks to risk the  
fortunes of war and share its hard-  
ships with friends and neighbors.  
Tenderly reared in a refined,  
Christian home he flung away all  
dreams of ease, and with a manly  
courage and unflinching spirit he  
bore the burden and heat of the  
day in a life that taxes in no  
small degree the powers of human  
endurance. So it was with thou-  
sands of others.

'STONEWALL' JACKSON ON THE  
FLANK.

The days spent in the care of  
Mr. and Mrs. Blain were a season  
of constant anxiety to the citizens  
of Williamsburg. The town was  
closely garrisoned by the Fed-  
erals, and all communication with  
the outside world was completely  
cut off. Only vague rumors  
reached us from the Chickahominy.  
There was just enough to  
awaken without satisfying the  
keenest interest. We knew that  
a fearful struggle was going on  
which involved the very life of the  
Confederacy, but that was all.  
One day, however, we gathered  
news of a decisive character, and  
in a most unexpected way. In  
the last days of June we were sit-  
ting in the piazza one evening  
when suddenly we heard far up  
the street the sound of a bugle,  
followed by the clatter of hoofs  
and the rattling of swords. Soon  
a troop of cavalry came along  
looking weary and travel-worn.  
Evidently the troop was made up  
of fragments of several companies,  
and there was every indication of  
complete disorganization. We were  
anxious to understand something  
of the movement. Their replies  
to our questions were gruff and  
evasive. One fellow, however, in  
answer to our question, 'What's  
the matter?' bluntly and honestly  
answered: 'Jackson struck our  
flank.' That was the first intima-  
tion we had of the masterly move-  
ment of that great captain when he  
swooped from the Valley with his  
'foot cavalry' upon the right flank  
of Gen. McClellan, contributing so  
largely to the success of that mem-  
orable campaign in which the  
enemy was driven from the con-  
fines of Richmond to the shelter  
of his gunboats at Harrison's  
Landing.

## SLAVERY BETTER THAN FREEDOM.

Early in July it began to be  
whispered that all the Confed-  
erates in Williamsburg would be  
taken to Fortress Monroe as soon  
as they were able for the trip.  
A few days before the order to  
leave was given, a negro boy  
called at the gate and asked for  
an interview. He had a sorrow-  
ful tale to tell and a strange re-  
quest to make. He said his name  
was George Perkins, that he was  
the cook and waiting boy for his  
young master, Mr. Perkins, who  
belonged to the—Mississippi  
Regiment, and who was a son of  
Judge Perkins, of Jackson, Miss.,  
(the wealthy and benevolent gen-  
tleman, we suspect who founded  
the 'Perkins professorship' in the  
Columbia Theological Seminary.)  
He said that when the regiment  
was ordered to leave camp at  
Yorktown he was left behind—  
'Now,' says he, 'I want to get  
back to old massa in the Mississip-  
pian.' Won't you let me go as your boy  
and take me through the lines? On  
close questioning I found that  
his devotion to his master, which  
was evidently strong and genuine,  
was swallowed up by a higher  
feeling—love for wife and chil-  
dren. He told his simple tale  
and pressed his request with a  
choking utterance. I assured him  
I would do the best I could for  
him, but that I doubted very seri-  
ously whether I could carry him  
through. From that hour he was  
my boy, and he clung to me with  
a vigilant fidelity and rendered  
me invaluable service during my  
stay at Hampton, near Fortress  
Monroe, the place to which we  
were taken on leaving Williams-  
burg. No solicitation, no pledge  
of absolute freedom, no promise of  
lucrative employment, no petting,  
coaxing or threats could for one  
moment shake his resolution or  
swerve him from his purpose to  
get back to Dixie. Weeks after-  
wards, when we were exchanged,  
it was amusing and affecting to  
watch his original and most ex-  
pressive manifestations of delight  
as we landed near Richmond.  
Surely there was no happier  
home-going during the whole war  
than that of George from freedom  
to slavery.

In the morning a man gets up,  
but in the evening he gets supper.

A TELL-TALE LETTER.  
The Greenback Conspiracy Revealed.  
News and Courier Correspondent.  
COLUMBIA, Sept. 7.—The Green-  
backers did not cover up their  
tracks, and a letter which was  
picked up in the committee-room  
in the State House where the  
committee on platform, address  
and resolutions met on Tuesday  
afternoon, clearly discloses the  
deep-laid schemes of the miser-  
able rabble who composed the Green-  
back Convention. It shows that  
the work of the convention was  
all cut and dried; that the body  
was controlled by sordid-headed poli-  
ticians for basely selfish motives;  
that the movement has no  
strength in it and that the prime  
object with the leaders of this  
so-called 'moral and political rev-  
olution' is to get office and rob the  
public treasury.

The letter fills four pages of  
yellow legal cap paper, is plainly  
written in black ink, is addressed  
to Col. R. D. White, (though only  
his initials are given) and has no  
signature attached. It was writ-  
ten in Chester, and is evidently in  
the handwriting of the Rev. J. E.  
White, brother of the Greenback  
nominee for Lieutenant-Governor,  
and who has been for many years  
a firebrand in both Church and  
State. The letter contains a great  
many emphatic words and phrases.  
It reads as follows:

MONDAY, Sept. 4, 1882.

Col. R. D. W.: Dear Sir—Your  
two last received, contents  
noted. I do wish I knew what  
Taft wanted. I could write bet-  
ter and more certain. Let me on-  
ly summarize:

1. As to tickets. One H. Bieman,  
of Walhalla, a German and par-  
ticular friend of Fred W. Wagne-  
ner, and at whose house John A.  
Wagner died, hates Bourbons,  
has money, &c., and has influence.  
Has been in the Legislature and  
ran again, but 'counted out.' He  
might suit for Secretary of State,  
or Comptroller, or Adjutant-Gen-  
eral. Speak to T. J. M. about  
him. He may concentrate the  
German vote.

2. You have also C. B. Far-  
mer, V. P. Clayton, of Fairfield  
County. 'Tom' says that McLane  
will be on State ticket. It will be  
unfortunate for both Russell and  
McLane to run for office. The  
Press will kill them, for it will be  
said that the movement is only to  
gratify office-seekers. Let McL.  
run the 'Signal' and wait. Op-  
pose his running privately with  
caution, &c. You must scatter  
the men on State ticket all over  
the State, and as J. B. C. is from  
Charleston that may satisfy. But  
you can mention the names of  
Melchers and Bergmann which  
will be pleasant to them, and give  
the reason that a distribution of  
officers over State desired.

3. As to myself, McL. came to  
Chester and staid some four  
hours. I was at a dying bed.  
'Tom' saw him. But 'Tom' can  
only talk about his own Con-  
gressional candidacy. He is crazy.  
Nothing else will satisfy him,  
and McL. is in with him to give  
him the endorsement of the Greenback  
Convention so as to retire Cash.  
Now will Cash retire even then?  
No one can tell. And if the  
Greenback Convention endorse  
'Tom' and the Republican Con-  
vention refuse, what then? 'Tom'  
says a great deal that you cannot  
depend upon about his prospects.  
And he talks with such assurance  
as almost to persuade you it is  
true. And he has a start, or I  
have given such. But I do it  
very quietly. I have written him  
up in 'papers,' &c.

You had better tell him very  
quietly the opposition to him by  
Taft & Co. Tell it to McL. first,  
and see what he says, and if it is  
prudent to nominate or endorse  
under the circumstances, or to  
appoint a 'conference' between the  
two executive committees, or refer  
it back to the Fifth Congressional  
Convention to determine. Be can-  
did with both McL. and Tom, and  
that will give character to your-  
self. This difficulty shuts me out  
of being a candidate for Congress.  
I have, however, given 'Tom' a

running start so as to beat J. J. H.

Then as to the State ticket and  
myself: I could tell better if I  
was in Columbia. I am not yet  
persuaded that the movement  
will be a success in present hands,  
&c. I do not know if J. B. C.  
will accept. If I knew these  
things or could so believe, I  
would know how to act. But  
you see, if I accept I must canvass  
the State—a fearful task—I am  
not too stout—I am poor—and  
then suppose we fail—just through  
being counted out? All these  
considerations are weighty. Be-  
sides the people are so unreliable.  
They will promise anything but  
bad performers—they are afraid  
and think they will lose some-  
thing, and may forsake me just  
when I may need them. Your  
Convention on 5th will show you  
what to depend on—whether they  
are determined at any cost to  
act. You can confer freely, and  
be cautious and certain as to  
facts. Don't jump to conclusions.  
Learn everything before you de-  
cide—for it is to be a bitter and  
harsh struggle, and much abuse  
and ridicule. At present, I pre-  
fer to decline everything—both  
State and county nomination—  
and quietly aid you and the ticket  
and look to the future. I can  
pursue my profession, &c.

I tell you plainly I am puzzled to  
know what to do. If you conclude  
to go for Congress then I am out,  
as it will not do for both of us to  
run, and I prefer to aid you, and  
I can do so through Signal and  
speeches. I can reserve myself  
for some quiet appointment, if  
successful. I can in a quiet way  
through Signal scourge the Demo-  
cratic State Ticket and will do  
so, and advocate independents.

The paper I sent you is not the  
indictment, but only the points in  
part for a State platform, and you  
add the National tariff item, Na-  
tional banks, education, National  
debts. The best way is for you  
to move to appoint a committee  
of ten on platform, and then get  
'Tom' on it, as I have conversed  
with him on it, and you can get  
there yourself and use your notes,  
&c.

You can offer your resolution about  
managers, &c. Also get up a resolu-  
tion declaring that it is the intention  
of this Independent Convention to  
have a fair election at any cost, urging  
organization, &c., and to meet force  
with force, and that all the powers  
of Government and law shall be used.  
Get 'Tom' to fix up such a resolution,  
particularly as they are even now  
boasting of counting out. See to it  
that every man shall vote and put it  
in right box—as there is no penalty  
for speaking attached to the law—  
and you have no right to padlock any  
man's mouth. I have urged 'Tom'  
to speak these matters in open Con-  
vention and let it go through the  
State. I would do it if I was there.  
I do not want 'Tom' to injure your  
Convention by too great prominence.

See, too, that your Convention is  
sues a 'New address' to the State-  
enlarge Executive Committee to ten  
or twelve, and let them write it as  
early as possible. But your name  
must not be on it as you are an In-  
dependent Democrat and this might  
be a Greenback Executive Committee.  
From the number attending and the  
enthusiasm you will be able to form  
some idea of prospective success.  
Please get all you can and give me a  
 candid opinion. But don't you say  
too much and be moderate. Perhaps  
it is best that you should nominate J.  
B. C., as you have spoken to him and  
you are from Charleston. You can  
use your article to Signal as your  
speech, or something like it—plain,  
pointed—as a man of superior worth,  
too well known to require any en-  
comiums, of State and National repu-  
tation, infinitely superior to ballot  
box stuffing, to tissues and to fraud,  
the man of all others for the people  
and the crisis, to restore peace, unity  
and prosperity to State.

Get 'Tom' to second it, and tell him  
in advance. After you get J. B.  
C. then you be quiet. You must get  
them in advance to engage to receive  
the nomination with tremendous  
cheers. See to it beforehand, &c.  
Do as the Democrats did with H. S.  
Thompson. I agree with White from  
Beaufort. Do try for unity and dig-  
nity, and let a committee of three

telegraph to J. B. C. his nomination  
—and also write a letter to him, all at  
expense of Convention.  
I saw 'Tom' writing to 'Wade  
Hampton' 3 days ago. I can't tell  
what it was about. But I cannot tell  
why 'Tom' should be writing to W.  
Hampton at such a time, when 'Tom'  
is scourging the Bourbons. So watch  
Tom.  
If J. B. C. can be elected, he never  
could refuse making you treasurer of  
the city, and this would be better than  
Congress, and you could give up to  
Taft if he wants it, as you say: or,  
you might get Taft's place in the  
post-office which would be better still.  
Play your own best card for yourself,  
and let me know if I can help you  
and I will do it. Not honor but  
money is needed.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of  
\$1.00 per square (one inch for first insertion,  
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Double column advertisements ten per cent.  
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tisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

## JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

TERMS CASH.

## AUGUSTA OPERA HOUSE.

Last evening the invited guests of  
the Masons of Augusta, including a  
large number of ladies, gathered in  
the new Opera House to witness the  
illumination of the hall and the set-  
ting of the scenery. The spectators  
were scattered about the spacious par-  
quette and the broad balconies, and  
the scenic effect was taken in from  
every part of the house. There are,  
among the stage property of the the-  
atre, 31 sets of scenes, with 8 set  
pieces; the usual thunder sheet, rain  
bucket and bridge of the modern  
theatre. The scenery last evening  
was worked by Mr. Speir, the archi-  
tect, and the handsome pieces were  
shown off to fine advantage. There is  
a harmony, a taste and freshness about  
the scenery which will add greatly  
to the effect of the plays without de-  
tracting with gaudy colors or showy  
tinsel. The drop curtain is an ele-  
gant painting from Turner's Rome—  
'Worship of the Tiger'—and elicited  
general admiration. There are upon  
the stage all the appurtenances for  
lights and speaking tubes, and all the  
ordnance for working the curtains and  
the slides, while the floor of the stage  
contains the necessary trap-doors for  
dramatic effect. Beneath the stage  
are six dressing rooms, carpeted and  
hung with mirrors. The walls and  
ceilings of the Opera House are free-  
coed handsomely and ornamented  
with gilt mouldings, and the columns  
finished with French gilt. There are  
in the theatre four rows of proscenium  
lights, 242 jets, and the side chan-  
delliers are surmounted with vases for  
bouquets of flowers.

The hall will seat 1,600 people—  
but on special occasions provision can  
be made for seating 1,800 persons.

The walls are decorated with Pom-  
perian tints, and the side panels or-  
namented with paintings of Music  
and Drama. The parquette is filled  
with new patent open chairs; the  
balcony bordered with red satins and  
the curtains trimmed with satin and  
lace. There are four stalls on each  
side of the first balcony, while the  
private boxes are upon the first floor.

The exhibition of the hall last  
evening was greatly enhanced by the  
performance upon the Chickering  
concert grand piano of Mr. Brandt.  
Altogether, the hall presented a beau-  
tiful and brilliant appearance and the  
stage was considered a gem by all  
spectators.—Augusta Chronicle.

They don't speak now. They  
were engaged to be married, and  
called each other by their first names—  
Tom and Fanny—and he was telling  
her how he had always liked the name  
of Fanny, and how it sounded like  
music in his ears. 'I like the name  
so well,' he added, 'as I sort of clincher  
to the argument, that when sister  
Clara asked me to name her pet ter-  
rier, I at once named it Fanny, after  
you dearest.' 'I don't think that was  
very nice,' said the fair girl, edging  
away from him. 'How would you  
like to have a dog named after you?'  
'Why, that's nothing,' said Tom, air-  
ily; 'half the cats in the country are  
named after me.'

'What would you do if you were  
me and I were you?' tenderly in-  
quired a young swell of his lady  
friend, as he escorted her home from  
church. 'Well,' said she, 'if I were  
you I would throw away that vile  
cigarette, cut up that cane for fire-  
wood, wear my watch-chain under-  
neath my coat, and stay at home  
nights and pray for brains.' The  
walk was finished in silence, and it is  
presumed that for once in his life, the  
young man thought hard.